

Quarto

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P5  
1977

**PHOENIX**



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Lynn Rubino

PHOENIX Literary and Graphic Publication  
The College of New Rochelle  
1977

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The PHOENIX Staff sincerely regrets it was not able to publish every fine piece which was submitted. We wish to express gratitude to all contributing literary and graphic artists of the College community.

5/23/77



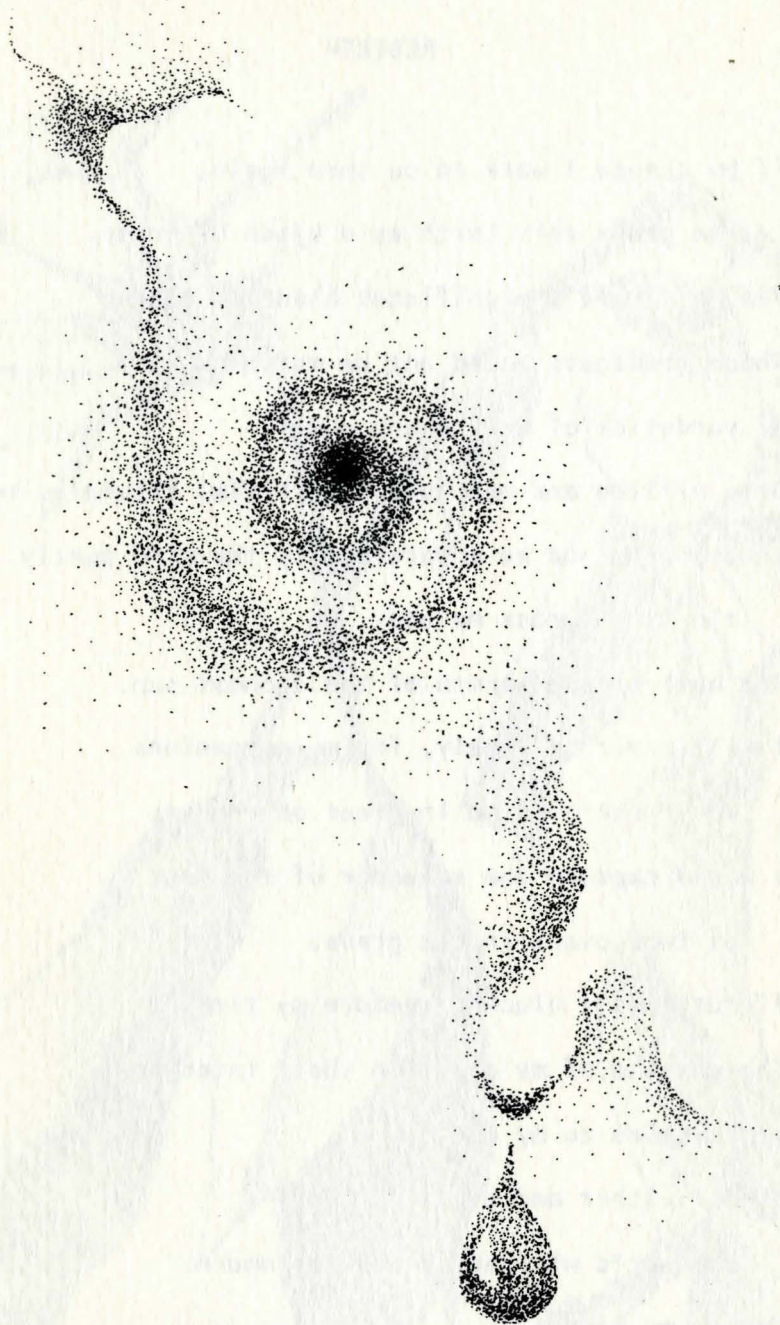


## REBIRTH

If by chance I were to be born again,  
Let me grace this Earth as a blade of grass.  
Yes, a single insignificant blade of grass.  
Whose greatness would not be measured by a  
yardstick of wealth and power.  
Or a million and one such superficial trivialities.  
I would instead be enthralled by the wind gently  
rippling across my body.  
And bask in the warmth of the noonday sun.  
I will never be lonely, for my companions  
would surround me in great abundance.  
I would capture the splendor of the hour  
of two lovers in the grass,  
If ruthlessly plucked, before my time,  
The essence of my creation shall later be  
revealed to my captor.  
When I wither and die,  
the world will not grieve or mourn.  
For in my place,  
another shall be born.

Cheryl Dews





I remember the dark playful hair before  
worry's hue crept in,  
The cherry-lipped smile emitting laughter's song  
As a proud mother watched her children play.

I can still hear the beckoning ring of that  
horrible night when joy began to fade;  
Gray's dullness prematurely permeated her life:  
A parasitic fruit fed on her waning beauty-  
It grew and ripened and nearly burst,  
But searching hands picked it from  
the sagging bough.

Joy returned and laughter's song tickled my ear  
once more  
Until suddenly the cherry lips fell silent....  
again...forever

I will remember...

Lisa Whalen

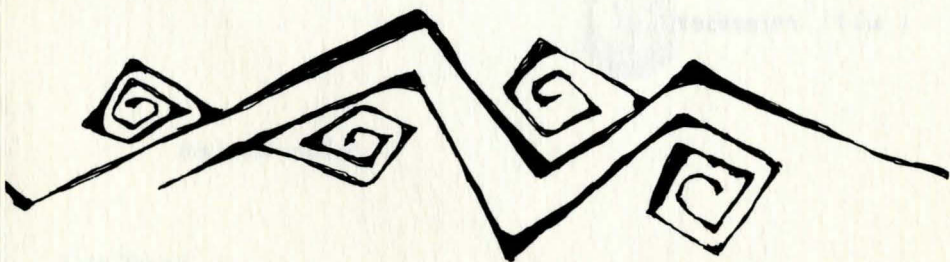


The sparkle of the soft silent snow  
Falling on the tiny village,  
The melodious tunes of the sacred church bells  
Create the peaceful atmosphere,  
The glitter of the crystal icicles  
Hanging from the thatches  
The white-washed diamond facets  
On the majestic mountains.  
These are the things I remember  
So long ago...

Little children bundled up in hats and boots  
Made the first footprints in the  
Freshly fallen fluffy ivory flakes.

But now, the snow neither  
Sparkles nor glitters, as it  
Turns to slush,  
And the frozen icicles melt  
Drop  
by  
Drop  
and  
disappear...

Zoe Erotopoulos



Sleep-

the conscious escape into the unconscious:  
darkened folds and crevices:  
Springs unwinding, knots untying  
buried tears, hidden laughter  
Secret thoughts, hopes, fears  
Sleep-fit together random images,  
hurrying through the minutes  
Leading to passing days-passing before entering..

Dreams-

the early frost-taking all else in nature  
by surprise, robbed the sky of the  
uninhibited flight.  
My eyes focused on the tiny rigid body  
expressionless expression-  
Rigormortis has set in....

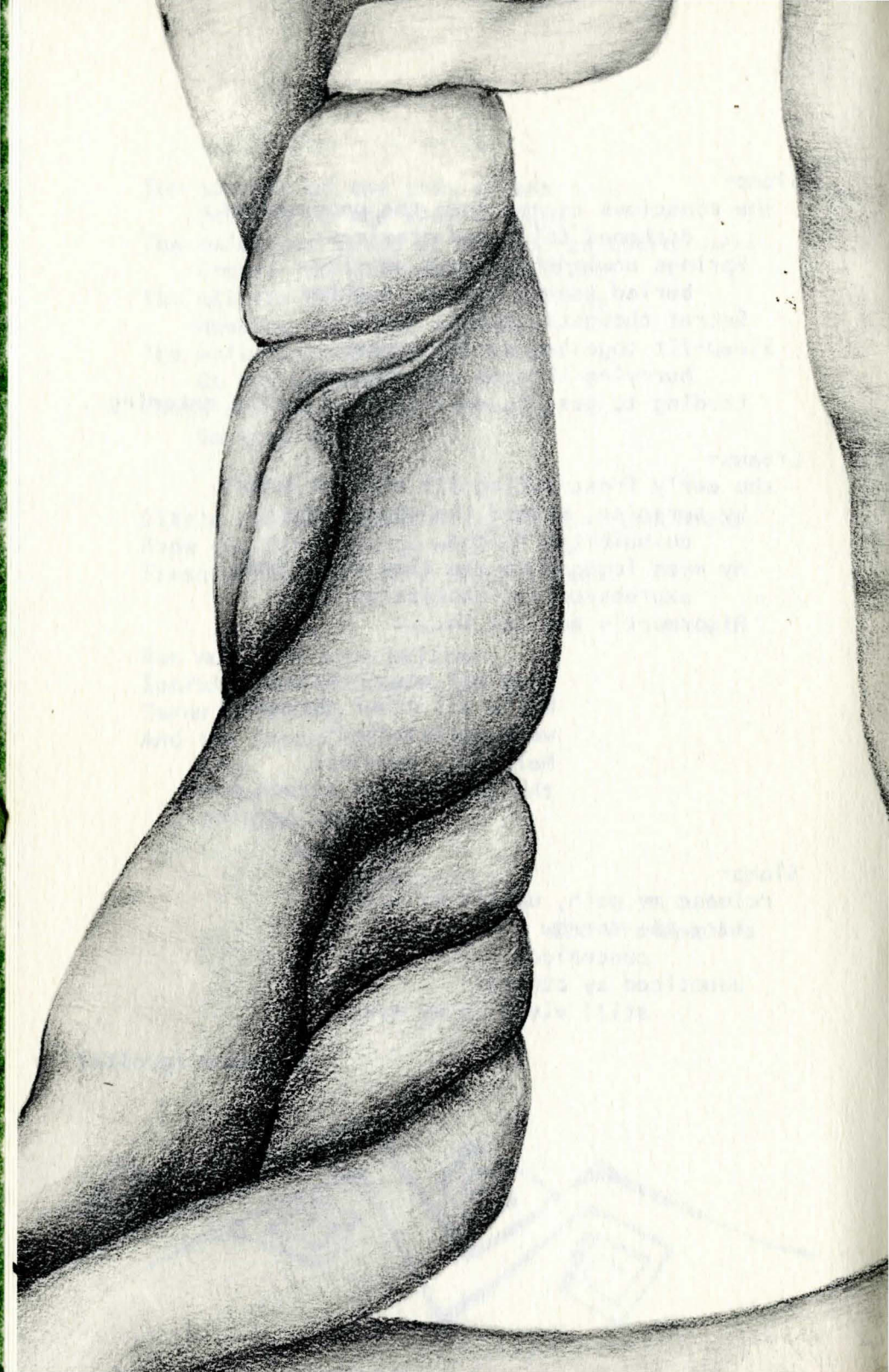
when all else continued  
While all other movements  
went undisturbed-  
helpless, harmless  
the sparrow was struck down  
without warning...

Sleep-

release my pain, uplift my spirit  
bury the sorrow  
concealed,  
unnoticed by others-  
still vivid in my eyes.

Roseanne Ippoliti





Downstairs, in another room, they are laughing

In another room away from mine.

I want to run down and join them,

And laugh with them.

But, no, I mustn't.

I am afraid to show that I want to be with them,

And to be a part of them

And they a part of me.

And so I say--go away,

I don't want to have to hear you

And I, myself, hide.

The laughter

The fear

The distance

The longing

I want someone to come and to find me

In my hiding place.

I want them terribly--to want me to come

Out of my hiding place.

Nancy Tina Crego





BRAE

I know you said

There's this thing inside her head

but I think it's yours instead

to conquer.

She froze the sun

when she had no place to run

and the choice

just couldn't hold the answers.

Now once again you've lied

You've turned your back and died.

You'll never face the eyes

of morning.

Jean Barry

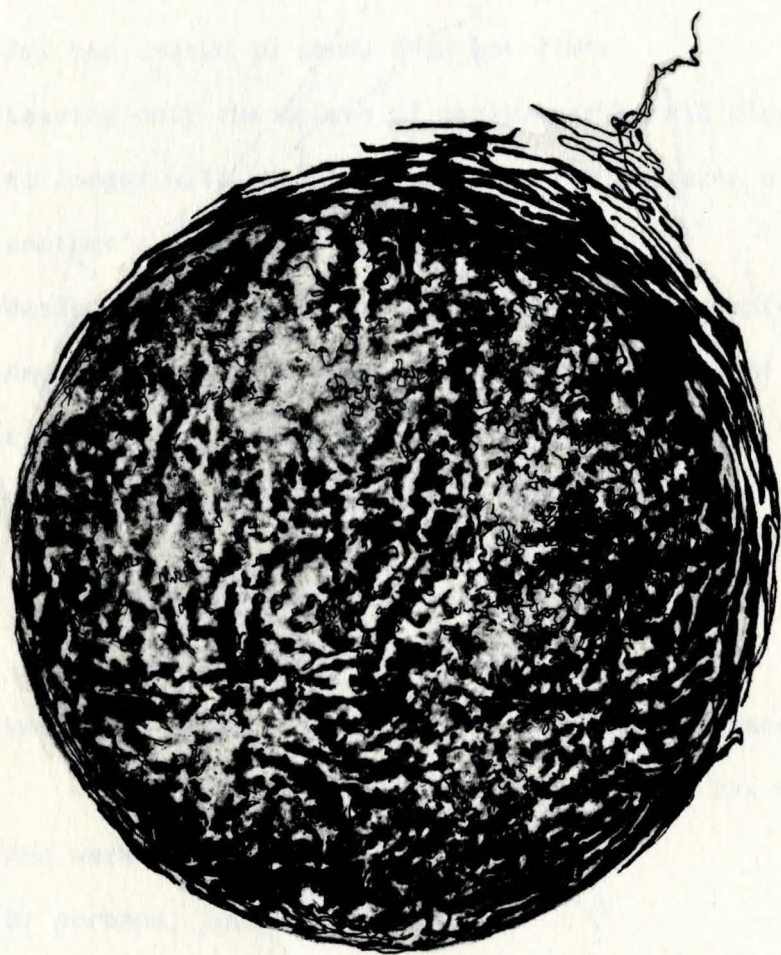


There is no place, no song, no story-  
Though the parents remain, the doll's house is gone  
For the china face of the girl-doll has been smashed.  
  
Her paintings were falsely colored  
The brush-strokes weak and the figures stunted.  
Joy has ceased to sound from her flute  
Leaving only the noises of tedium and horrid dissonance.  
No longer will she stitch and sew the patterns of  
another's mind  
Basing life on the words of a cross-stitch sampler,  
And "chic" will no longer mock the hum-drum soul it  
clothed un-naturally  
Like silk wrapped about an old withered log.  
  
If the face were mended, the porcelain repainted and the  
child's smile re-applied,  
Would the music of the universe compose the inner discord,  
fill the vaulted room which nothing has occupied  
And warm the granite stare.  
Or perhaps, just one melody?

Carol Graziani







The gothic arches gazing down at the  
milling, dime-sized heads,  
and the chancel watching benignly  
the bustling, the filing out, the clasping of hands,  
and the breathless Merry Christmas embraces--  
witnesses, I'd like to think,  
to two of those heads meeting  
for the first time outside the  
textbook circle of foreign and domestic policy,  
of armaments and allocations,  
involvement and isolationism.  
The latter we've breached,  
I'd like to say, and pray the arches  
her smile was more than  
just a Christmas light,  
while asking the chancel with bated hope,  
is it true? is it true?  
The hard, cool gleam  
of the stoic pews  
warms for a second,  
but the arches say nothing  
and the chancel is silent--was it just  
the heat of my hand on the wood?  
A whisper across the vaulted ceiling--  
I strain, strain, fail to catch it, and so instead  
I nestle into the picture  
of the light in her face and the sacred,  
breathless hush which touched  
the spot we stood in.

Carrie Vaccaro  
"Cornelian Poetry Award", 1976



## LONGMEADOW

Longmeadow I have danced  
In odd shoes  
My hair tugged at by wind  
Who played in the trees  
The melody my heart read  
And pulsed out in rhythm

Longmeadow I have run  
Sunburned on the path  
I follow one who seeks full  
With a new energy just found,  
I can run, untiring  
From this field to the last

Longmeadow I have sung  
By heart's fireplace  
Warmed in hope's lyrics  
Written in Longmeadow  
Comforted by the trust  
That tomorrow's sun will be there

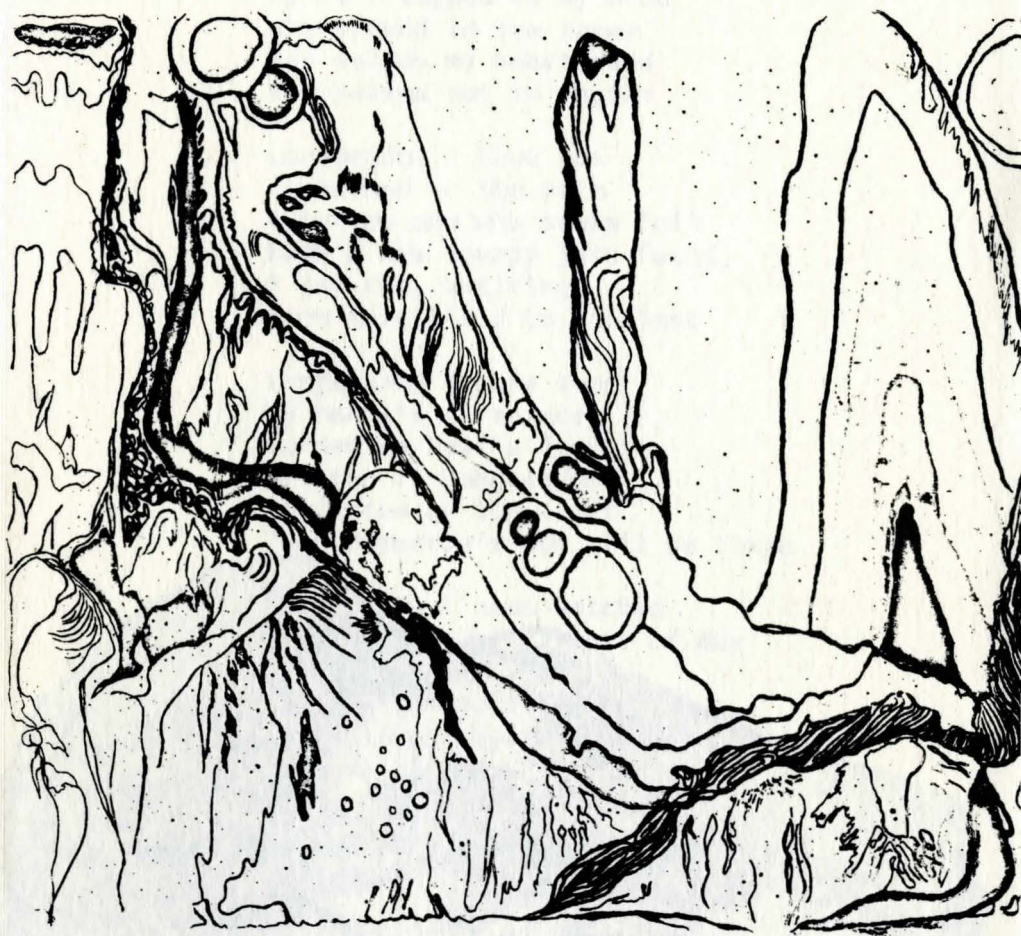
Longmeadow I have watched  
Hazed in the brilliance of day  
Just done  
--trees change their rhythm  
--sun slips beyond the edge of  
The last field  
--the cool glow of moon  
Can not satisfy the hungry gnawing  
Of night's void

Longmeadow the spirit is still  
I wait for you to bring home  
That one who seeded future  
In your furrows.

Nancy Tina Crego







"Mock on Love!"



Robbin Filippo

The young man of the world today  
Seems anxious, brave and strong  
Silly jester full of play  
And very rarely wrong

The wise man of the world today  
Eager to turn it inside out  
Studies society's massive decay  
And fills his head with doubt

But the old man just sits and rests  
Pulling hard for every breath  
Needing not a world to test  
His ultimate peace lies in death

Susan Marie Petry





Mia Feroletto



Robbin Filippo



## SOLDIERS

They dwell in the fields of horror and gloom.  
Slaves of the insidious Earth.  
Tired warriors of the decadent mud.  
Knights of battle and bloodbath.  
Weary heroes of the people.  
Tormented caretakers of our banner.

Dirty, sad creatures.  
With lips like shutters.  
Nerves of iron.  
Hearts of steel.  
Souls of ice.  
Rigid, callous faces of chiseled cement.  
Eyes, vacant mirrors of despair.  
Young, but a second,  
Old for an eternity.

Will you ever again know the beauty of a sunrise,  
Or the tranquility of a sunset?  
Will you see the spring,  
When it comes?  
Or will you die alone,  
In the bleakness of the cold winter?

Cheryl Dews



mellow mood on summer days

vision blurred--melting feelings

bodies remain upon the sand

spirits ride upon the crest, unfolding

answers to questions never asked

yet understood--still questioning

hearts and minds join the wave

struggle, a quest to meet the shore

will tomorrow's tide be calm or wavy?

Kathleen McCloskey





A leaf, once green, that smiled

On the world each morning,

Is slowly dying.

Knowing that death descends

upon it,

Straining itself until bursting

in golden glory,

It cries out, speaking of

bountiful joy.

Gasping, it breaks off

And plunging downward, it is

Caught by the gentle hand

of the wind,

And rocked to peace

In comforting, secure sleep

Gerri Noble





IN A WINDOW

Soft white sun

From a morning sky

Through a grimy classroom window.

It outshines my eyes,

Falls on my shoulders.

At an awkward angle

My face rests,

rests on a balanced, raised wrist.

Silken light, draped across my cheek

It is warm; I am warm.

Ellen Vincent



Nancy Humphreys





Listen to the sea...

forever I will as she ceaselessly rocks  
the cradle of man.

We've smiled to each other with  
an understanding  
all the while knowing underneath it all  
a deep sadness.

Her waves tease my hopes yet  
wash away my tears  
and challenge me to loose sight of  
shapes and forms  
bringing a vision of colors melting  
between one.

Hopeful, yet I know the rocking  
of her cradle  
and must learn and understand  
what it all means?

Listen to the sea...

Kathleen McCloskey







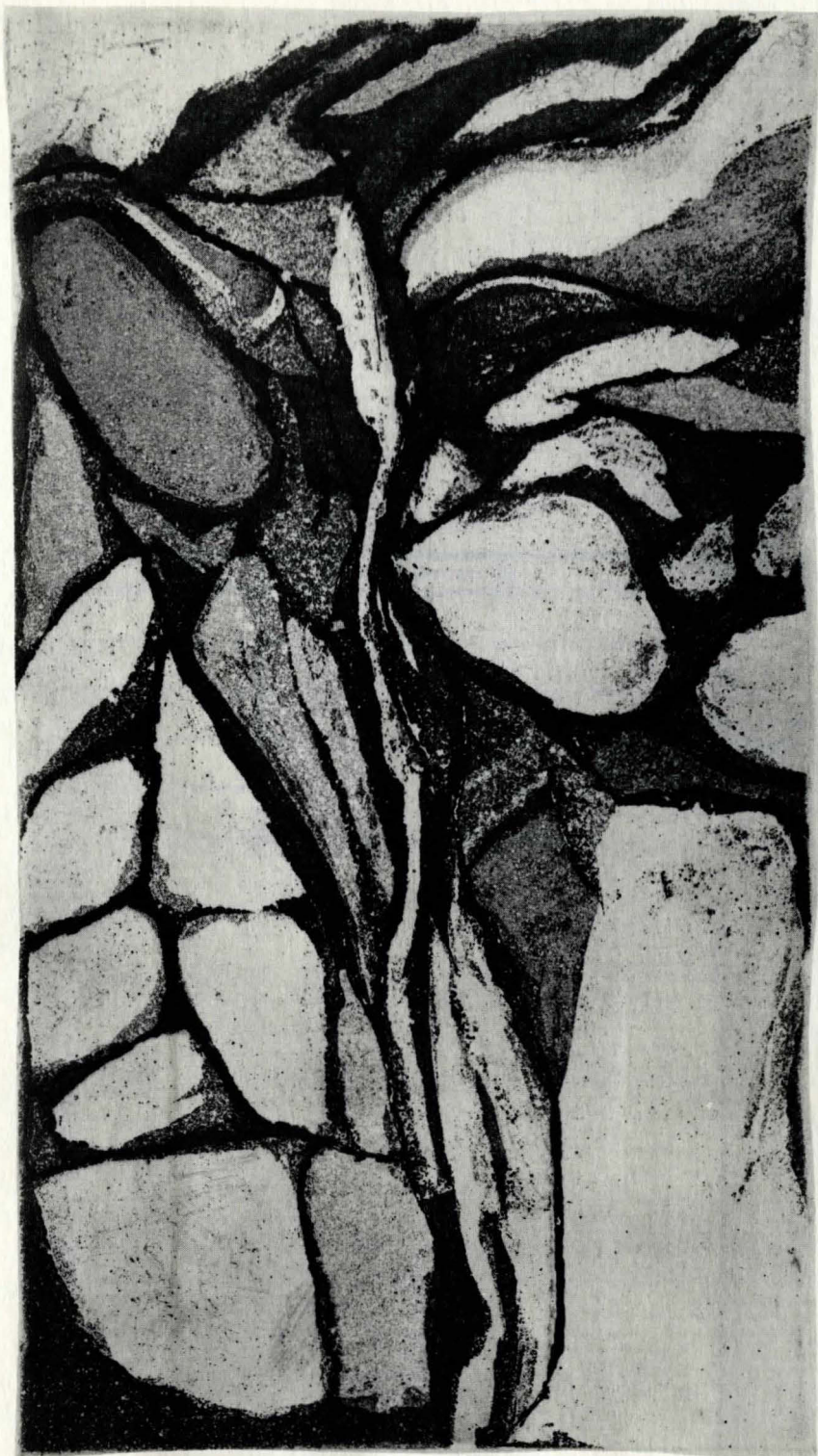
### THE SHELL

How nice and safe it is looking from the inside out  
I am like the turtle staying in my protective shell  
Afraid to follow the lead of the caterpillar  
Who sheds his protection and in doing so turns  
into a butterfly,  
a living prism  
Instead I remain locked in the prison of my making.

Maria Ericsson

Deserted beach  
light reflecting off  
cragged boulders  
haunts the stillness  
of vacant cabins  
the smashing waves  
echo throughout  
the valley  
leaving traces  
etched along the shoreline

Maria Bernabe





## PATRONS

We wish to thank all who  
supported our publication,  
especially...

Administration, Faculty,  
Staff, and Departments of  
The College of  
New Rochelle

Mr. Thomas McNeil  
Mary Virginia Orna, osu.  
Mr. Nicholas Theodore  
The Alumnae Association  
The New Rochelle Community  
and our many patrons

Cover Design  
Mary Elizabeth Slevin

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